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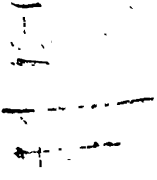
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The Book of Poetry.

Second Edition,

Enlarged.

London: James Burns.

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LONDON:
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PREFACE.

In preparing this volume for the press, the object in view has been not only to exalt and purify the taste of the reader, but at the same time to amuse and instruct. In all real education, the cultivation of the imagination forms a most important, if not an essential part; and this cultivation is more readily carried on by a gradual introduction to poetry than by any other means. The imagination of a child is of all the faculties of his mind the one which is developed at the earliest period, the most easily affected, and consequently swayed, by good or evil influences. During youth, therefore, the age of faith, when the wild and wondrous, the terrible, as well all that is brightly fair, of the seen or unseen world, is simply and at once believed, it is most important that the food of the mind should be both pure and invigorating.

And if the influence of poetry upon the mind of youth be thus strong, it will be scarcely less so upon that mind when it has attained the vigour of manhood, and become more familiar with the realities of the world.

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But too often, indeed, the cold calculating spirit of Mammon will sear and harden what was once soft, and genial, and "apt of belief," in the mind, and give to every thing but its bare value among the wiser children of this generation; and thus faith will waver, and love of the unseen or unreal grow dead, or perhaps cease altogether. Still, however, where the imagination has in early life been rightly and not unduly affected by poetry, its influence more or less will be felt, even through years of mere worldly, selfish existence, and contend nobly for what is pure and worthy of belief.

The following selections have been made almost entirely from the writings of our chief poets,—an acquaintance with whom should be at once the pride and delight of every one who claims the name of Englishman. In reading and studying their works, he will gradually learn to hold communion with the mighty minds of old,—and joy to say, as one of the last departed among them said of his predecessors:

"My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.
My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears."

Shakspere, and Goldsmith, and Wordsworth, and Southey, are names which we cannot but honour and love; and, with the host of others whose voices, though dead, do yet speak to us, are worthy of far more than

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mere trivial acquaintance. To know them thoroughly cannot, indeed, be effected by mere casual reading, but gradually; as the intercourse becomes more intimate, and the disciple, from being a mere passing acquaintance, becomes a loving friend.

A paragraph, nay a single verse of even a simple ballad, once committed to memory, may lie dormant in the mind for years, and yet at length awake and come back with all its original freshness upon the imagination. But one strain, it may be, will at first recur; but gentle thoughts and associations will one by one steal in, and the partial, or casual, or forgotten acquaintance will be renewed, and the poem of early years will be, as it were, the poet's hand of welcome and friendly greeting.

All young persons learn to repeat poetry with much greater facility than prose. The difficulty lies in choosing for each what is best suited to their taste and habit of mind; in making, in fact, the introduction a pleasant one.

Some prefer at first a simple ballad, or one, perhaps, of stirring and chivalrous spirit, as *Chevy Chase;* others incline rather to what is more humorous or lively, or descriptive. But each has his own taste; and if it be searched for in a kindly manner, the teacher will have but little difficulty in discovering it, and supplying it with nourishment, until the mere inclination becomes a decided appetite for what is good and excellent. The taste of a child's mind is not always to be ascertained by bare catechetical inquiries, but by careful watching

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as the process of education advances,—education, that is, in its true sense, as distinguished from instruction.

To assist the teacher in this work is one of the objects of the following collection; and it is hoped that he will there find some extracts at least suited to all the various capacities and wants of his scholars.

In Part II. will be found poems of a less easy and simple style than those in the former part, as well as some few better adapted for the more advanced pupil.

To the more general reader, or student, it may haply afford some few kindred introductions, which will lead to a further acquaintance with, and a greater love and veneration for, "the wise and good of ages past."

1847. B. G. J.



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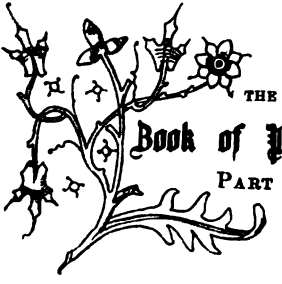
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THE Book of Poetry.

PART I.

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To the good Reader.

If thou wouldst find what holiest men have sought—
Communion with the power of poesy—
Empty thy mind of all unquiet thought;
Lay bare thy spirit to the vaulting sky
And glory of the sunshine; go and stand
Where nodding briers sport with the water-break,
Or by the plashings of a moonlit creek,
Or breast the wind upon some jutting land.
The most unheeded things have influences
That sink into the soul: in after hours
We oft are tempted suddenly to dress
The tombs of half-forgotten moods with flowers:
Our own choice mocks us; and the sweetest themes
Come to us without call,—wayward as dreams.

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THE

BOOK OF POETRY.

Part I.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW.

AND where have you been,
my Mary,
And where have you been
from me?"

"I have been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
The midsummer night to see."

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Low?"
"I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Hill?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And the green corn ears to fill."

"Oh, tell me all, my Mary,—
All, all that ever you know;

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For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldon-Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.

And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small;
But, oh, the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all!

* * * *

For some they played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill.

For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day.

Oh, the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes!'

And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill:

'And there,' said they, 'ye merry winds go,
Away from every horn;

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And these shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn.'

* * * *

And then upspoke a Brownie
With a long beard on his chin:
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another,—
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother.'

And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon-Low
There was *no one* left but me.

But as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard afar below
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go.

And I peeped into the widow's field;
And sure enough was seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green.

* * * *

Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So prithee make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be."

MARY HOWITT.

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AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys warm and low,
The windy summit wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky;
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,—
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd through hope's deluding glass:
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,—
The present's still a cloudy day.

Oh, may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!

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Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid!
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep,
While the shepherd charms his sheep,
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky;
Now, even now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain you search—she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of care!
Grass and flow'rs Quiet treads
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side;
And often by the murmuring rill
Hears the thrush, while all is still
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

DYER.

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DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MOTHER AND CHILD.

"Oh, tell me about that bright, bright star;
I have watch'd it long, and it seems so far,
And yet so near; oh, tell to me
How this wonderful thing may be!"

"Thy question seems simple, my darling child"
(Then answered the lady with voice so mild);
"Yet, dear one, I cannot tell to thee,
How this wonderful thing may be;

I see the star, and so dost thou,
Twinkling (as ever it twinkleth) now;
But how, or why, it twinkleth so,
Nor I, nor thou, my child, may know.

We see its beauty is very bright,—
That it adds new beauty to beautiful night;
And we know that He hath fixed it there,
The God who heareth thine evening prayer.

And so we know it is very meet
That we with love that star should greet;
As it looketh down from its home above
To lead our soul to the Father of love.

I know but little, my gentle child"
(Thus spoke the lady with voice so mild):
"I am a child in things so high
As the wonders of earth, and air, and sky.

But I will teach thee all I can,
And then when thou growest to be a man,

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Thou wilt know that the depth of a mother's love
Is wondrous and strange as that star above.

Though she may be numbered with the dead,
Whose hand now rests on thy shining head,
Her spirit shall look from the land afar,
And yet seem near thee like that bright star."

H. B.



ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale;

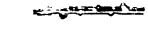
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An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear,
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make with joyful wing
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

LOGAN.



FATHER WILLIAM.

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"The few locks which are left you are grey;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

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"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remember'd that youth could not last;
I thought of the future whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied,
"Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God,
And He hath not forgotten my age."

SOUTHEY.

LLEWELLYN AND HIS DOG.

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smil'd the morn;
And many a brach[1] and many a hound
Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer,—
"Come, Gelert, why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?

Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race?
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!"

[1] A species of dog which hunts by scent.

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That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleas'd Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal-seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd the castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smear'd with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet;
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd,
(And on went Gelert too),
And still where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view!

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stain'd cover rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied;
He search'd with terror wild:
Blood! blood! he found on ev'ry side,
But nowhere found the child!

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"Hell-hound! by thee my child's devour'd!"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side!

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer waken'd nigh:
What words the parent's joy can tell
To hear his infant cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kiss'd!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread:
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear—
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe:
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue."

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And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marble, storied with his praise,
Doth Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
And oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

SPENCER.



INCIDENT CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

On his morning rounds the master
Goes to learn how all things fare;
Searches pasture after pasture,
Sheep and cattle eyes with care;
And for silence and for talk
He hath comrades in his walk;
Four dogs, each pair of different breed,
Distinguished two for scent, and two for speed.

See, a hare before them started:
Off they fly in earnest chase;
Every dog is eager-hearted,
All the four are in the race;

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And the hare whom they pursue
Hath an instinct what to do;
Her hope is near: no turn she makes;
But like an arrow to the river takes.

Deep the river was, and crusted
Thinly by a one night's frost;
But the nimble hare hath trusted
To the ice, and safely crost;
She hath crost, and without heed
All are following at full speed,
When, lo, the ice, so thinly spread,
Breaks—and the greyhound, Dart, is overhead!

Better fate have Prince and Swallow—
See them cleaving to the sport!
Music hath no heart to follow,
Little Music she stops short.
She hath neither wish nor heart;
Hers is now another part;
A loving creature she and brave,
And fondly strives her struggling friend to save.

From the brink her paws she stretches,
Very hands as you would say!
And afflicting moans she fetches,
As she breaks the ice away.
For herself she hath no fears,—
Him alone she sees and hears,—
Makes efforts and complainings, nor gives o'er
Until her fellow sank and re-appeared no more.

WORDSWORTH.

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TO THE BRAMBLE-FLOWER.

Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So put thou forth thy small white rose,—
I love it for his sake.

Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers:

For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are.

How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy branchy stem!
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them!

While silent showers are falling slow,
And, 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!

The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn-flower is dead;
The violet by the moss'd grey stone
Hath laid her weary head.

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But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring
And boyhood's blossomy hour.

Scorn'd bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bid'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er
In freedom and in joy.

ELLIOT.

THE ARMADA.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore, in vain,
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castille's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.

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At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums;
His yeomen, round the market-cross, make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle-shield.

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So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn, beneath his claws, the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, sir knight: ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously—ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM—the banner of our pride.
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,—
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the warning radiance spread;
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire;

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The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,—
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves.
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew;
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down;
The sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of flags and pikes dashed down each roaring street;

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And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in :
And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still :
All night from tower to tower they sprang—they sprang from hill to hill :
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales—
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales—
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height—
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light—
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent ;

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Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's
embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers
of Carlisle.

MACAULAY.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the Birds say? The sparrow,
the dove,
The linnet, and thrush say, "I love and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, — the wind is so
strong—
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud
song.
But green leaves and blossoms, and sunny warm
weather,
And singing and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and for ever sings
he—
"I love my love, and my love loves me!"

S. T. COLERIDGE.

REMEMBRANCE OF THE DEAD.

THY memory as a spell
Of love comes o'er my mind,
As dew upon the purple bell,
As perfume on the wind,

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As music on the sea,
As sunshine on the river;
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be for ever.

I hear thy voice in dreams
Upon me softly call,
Like echo of the mountain streams
In sportive waterfall.
I see thy form as when
Thou wert a living thing,
And blossom'd in the eyes of men
Like any flower of spring.

Thy soul to heaven hath fled,
From earthly thraldom free;
Yet 'tis not as the dead
That thou appear'st to me:
In slumber I behold
Thy form as when on earth;
Thy locks of waving gold,
Thy sapphire eye of mirth.

I hear in solitude
The prattle kind and free
Thou uttered'st in joyful mood
While seated on my knee.
So strong each vision seems,
My spirit that doth fill,
I think not they are dreams,
But that thou livest still.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

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MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters th' rear of darkness thin;
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms or hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state;
Rob'd in flames and amber bright,
The clouds in thousand liv'ries dight:
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land;
And the milkmaid singeth blithe;
And the mower whets his scythe;
And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

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Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures,—
Russet lawns and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied;
Shallows, brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees;
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks;
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their sav'ry dinner set,
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses:
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

MILTON.

MEDITATION.

When the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that sylvan loves,

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Of pine or monumental oak;
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye:
While the bee, with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the peeling organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear

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Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes!

And may, at last, my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain:
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

MILTON.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the lab'ring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth when ev'ry sport could please;
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,

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The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade.
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree:
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round:
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.

* * * *

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain:
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weary way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

* * * *

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Sweet was the sound when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled:
All but yon widow'd solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
The wretched matron forced in age for bread
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn:
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

GOLDSMITH.

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THE FORCE OF PRAYER;

OR, THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY.

A Tradition.

"WHAT is good for a bootless bene?"
With these dark words begins my tale;
And their meaning is, Whence can comfort spring
When prayer is of no avail?

"What is good for a bootless bene?"
The falconer to the lady said;
And she made answer, "Endless sorrow!"
For she knew that her son was dead.

She knew it by the falconer's words,
And from the look of the falconer's eye;
And from the love which was in her soul
For her youthful Romilly.

Young Romilly through Barden woods
Is ranging high and low;
And holds a greyhound in a leash
To let slip on buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful chasm,
How tempting to bestride!
For lordly Wharf is there pent in
With rocks on either side.

This striding place is called the Strid,
A name which it took of yore:

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A thousand years it hath borne that name,
And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,
And what may now forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
Shall bound across THE STRID?

He sprang in glee,—for what cared he
That the river was strong and the rocks were steep?—
But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
And check'd him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,
And strangled by a merciless force,
For never more was young Romilly seen,
Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,
And deep, unspeaking sorrow:
Wharf shall be to pitying hearts
A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the lady wept,
A solace she might borrow
From Death and from the passion of Death,—
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day,
Which was to be to-morrow;
Her hope was a further-looking hope,
And hers is a mother's sorrow.

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He was a tree that stood alone,
And proudly did its branches wave;
And the root of this delightful tree
Was in her husband's grave!

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, "Let there be
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
A stately priory."

The stately priory was reared;
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To matins joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at even-song.

And the lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief;
But slowly did her succour come,
And a patience to her grief.

Oh, there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of Him to be our Friend!

WORDSWORTH.

THE RAINBOW.

STILL young and fine! but what is still in view
We slight as old and soiled though fresh and new;
How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burning flaming arch did first descry;

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When Zerah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's grey fathers, in one knot
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower.
When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair,
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of His eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant and low, I can in thine see Him
Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
And minds the covenant betwixt all and one.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

SWEET SOUNDS.

Around, around flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

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And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute,
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon—
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

CONCLUSION.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest;
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast:

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

COLERIDGE.
(*Ancient Mariner.*)

THE PIG.

A colloquial Poem.

JACOB, I do not love to see thy nose
Turn'd up in scornful curve at yonder pig.
It would be well, my friend, if we like him

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Were perfect in our kind! And why despise
The sow-born grunter? . . . He is obstinate,
Thou answerest; ugly, and the filthiest beast
That banquets upon offal. Now, I pray you,
Hear the pig's counsel.
Is he obstinate?
We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words,
By sophist sounds. A democratic beast,
He knows that his unmerciful drivers seek
Their profit, and not his. He hath not learnt
That pigs were made for man, — born to be brawn'd
And baconised; that he must please to give
Just what his gracious masters please to take;
Perhaps his tusks, the weapons Nature gave
For self-defence, the general privilege;
Perhaps, . . . hark, Jacob, dost thou hear that horn?
Woe to the young posterity of Pork!
Their enemy's at hand.
Again. Thou say'st
The pig is ugly. Jacob, look at him!
Those eyes have taught the lover flattery.
His face,—nay, Jacob, Jacob, were it fair
To judge a lady in her dishabille?
Fancy it drest, and with saltpetre rouged.
Behold his tail, my friend; with curls like that
The wanton hop marries her stately spouse:
So crisp in beauty Amoretta's hair
Rings round her lover's soul the chains of love.
And what is beauty, but the aptitude

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Of parts harmonious? give thy fancy scope,
And thou wilt find that no imagined change
Can beautify this beast. Place at his end
The starry glory of the peacock's pride;
Give him the swan's white breast; for his horn-
hoofs
Shape such a foot and ancle as the waves
Crowded in eager rivalry to kiss,
When Venus from the enamoured sea arose. . . .
Jacob, thou canst but make a monster of him!
All alteration man could think would mar
His pig-perfection.
The last charge:—he lives
A dirty life. Here I could shelter him
With noble and right-reverend precedents,
And shew by sanction of authority
That 'tis a very honourable thing
To thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest
On better ground the unanswerable defence.
The pig is a philosopher, who knows
No prejudice. Dirt? Jacob,—what is dirt?
If matter, . . . why the delicate dish that tempts
An o'ergorged epicure to the last morsel
That stuffs him to the throat-gates, is no more.
If matter be not, but, as sages say,
Spirit is all, and all things visible
Are one, the infinitely modified;
Think, Jacob, what that pig is, and the mire
Wherein he stands knee-deep.
And there! that breeze
Pleads with me, and has won thee to the smile

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That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossom'd field
Of beans it came, and thoughts of bacon rise.

SOUTHEY.

CASABIANCA.

Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post, in the battle of the Nile, after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned. He perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though childlike form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go,
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

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"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!
And,"—but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And look'd from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father, must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapp'd the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound
The boy,—oh, where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea!

With mast and helm and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young and faithful heart!

MRS. HEMANS.



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THE EBB-TIDE.

Slowly thy flowing tide
Came in, old Avon! scarcely did mine eyes,
As watchfully I roam'd thy greenwood side,
Perceive its gentle rise.

With many a stroke and strong
The labouring boatmen upward plied their oars,
Yet little way they made, though labouring long,
Between thy winding shores.

Now down thine ebbing tide
The unlabour'd boat glides rapidly along;
The solitary helmsman sits to guide,
And sings an idle song.

Now o'er the rocks that lay
So silent late, the shallow current roars;
Fast flow thy waters on their seaward way,
Through wider-spreading shores.

Avon! I gaze and know
The lesson emblem'd in thy varying way;
It speaks of human joys that rise so slow,
So rapidly decay.

Kingdoms which long have stood,
And slow to strength and power attained at last,
Thus from the summit of high fortune's flood
They ebb to ruin fast.

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Thus like thy flow appears
Time's tardy course to manhood's envied stage;
Alas, how hurryingly the ebbing years
They hasten to old age!

SOUTHEY.



THE COUNTRY PARSON.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose:
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wished to change, his place:
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away,

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Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forget their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

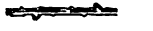
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.

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His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.



BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And our lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin confined his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;

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But we stedfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lowly pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring:
And we heard the distant and random gun
Of the enemy suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

WOLFE.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR IN HIS LIBRARY.

My days among the Dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:

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My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I commune day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead, with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead; anon
My place with them will be;
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

SOUTHEY.

THE PROSPECT.

Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene;
But the gay, the open scene,

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Does the face of nature shew
In all the hues of heaven's bow,
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly tow'ring in the skies;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires;
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.
Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes;
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak, with broad-spread boughs;
And beyond, the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love,
Gaudy as th' op'ning dawn,
Lies along a level lawn;
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye:
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood;
His sides are cloth'd with flowing wood;
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:

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So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find!
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there fall
Huge heaps of hoary, moulder'd wall.
Yet time has seen—that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow—
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state:
But transient is the smile of fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun!
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep—
Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wand'ring thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

DYER.

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VILLAGE BELLS.

Oh, merry are the village bells that sound with soothing chime
From the dim old tower, grown grey beneath the shadowy touch of time; [air,
And gaily are they borne along upon the summer
Telling of bridal happiness to the youthful and the fair;
They give a murmur of delight to earth, and sky, and seas,
That mingles with the running streams, and floats upon the breeze.

'Tis past, the bridal glee is past, those echoing peals are o'er;
But the sweet, the holy Sabbath comes—we hear them now once more,
With a message from the heavens of love, a voice that speaks to all;
Unto the temple of our God, unto His shrine they call.
Whether your home's in halls of state, or by the lowly dells,
Come forth and listen to the sounds of the hallowed Sabbath bells!

Ye tuneful records, yours it is to watch the pace of time,
And mark the footfalls of each year with deep and soothing chime;

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Coming at midnight's silent hour, when all is dim
and drear,
'Tis yours to breathe the last farewell of the sad
expiring year;
And while we bid its hopes and fears, its fleeting
hours adieu,
'Tis yours to hail with cheerful voice the birthday
of the new.

And yet once more your music breaks upon my
listening ear,
Though not the gaily sounding notes we love so
well to hear;
Changed is your message to the heart, your joyous
tone is fled;
Ye speak to us of buried hopes, a requiem for the
dead!
Some home to-day is desolate, a soul from earth
is free.
Mortal, the knell thou hearest now full soon may
toll for thee!

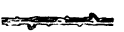
O changeful bells, that swell'd but now the tide
of human bliss,
What ministers of grief ye seem, in such an hour
as this!
Say, is your knell a sorrowing one, for the lovely
doomed to die,
Youth's early blush upon their cheek, its radiance
in their eye?

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Or do ye mourn in mockery for the beings frail as fair,
Whose lives, like golden evening clouds, have melted into air?

Yet such, alas, is human life; woe for the haughty breath!
To-day in health and power 'tis raised, to-morrow stilled in death.
One voice proclaims our joy and grief, our wishes, hopes, and fears;
The eye that brightly beams to-day, to-morrow dims with tears.
A few short years, a few brief suns, in earthly homes we dwell,
Then life with all its dreams shall be but as that passing bell.

F. CARRINGTON.



THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere;
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove the wither'd leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbits' tread.

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The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.
Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood,
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie,—but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

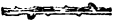
The wind-flower and the violet, they perish'd long ago,
And the wild rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men;
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland glade and glen.

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And now when comes the calm mild day, as still
such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their
winter home,—
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though
all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the
rill,—
The south wind searches for the flowers whose
fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the
stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful
beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by
my side;
In the cold moist earth we laid her when the forest
cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life
so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young
friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the
flowers.

BRYANT.



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THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins see them lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day;

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No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, O fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murd'ring steel!

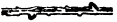
The pious mother doom'd to death
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat,
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow:

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Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!

SMOLLETT.



NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Rise, sons of merry England, from mountain and from plain,
Let each light up his spirit, let none unmoved remain;
The morning is before you, and glorious is the sun;
Rise up, and do your blessed work before the day be done.

"Come help us, come and help us,"—from the valley and the hill
To the ear of God in heaven are the cries ascending still:
The soul that wanteth knowledge, the flesh that wanteth food;—
Arise, ye sons of England, go about doing good.

Your hundreds and your thousands at usage and in purse,
Behold a safe investment, which shall bless and never curse!
Oh, who would spend for house or land, if he might but from above
Draw down the sweet and holy dew of happiness and love?

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Pour out upon the needy ones the soft and healing
balm;
The storm hath not arisen yet—ye yet may keep
the calm:
Already mounts the darkness,—the warning wind
is loud;
But ye may seek your fathers' God, and pray
away the cloud.

Go, throng our ancient churches, and on the holy
floor
Kneel humbly in your penitence among the kneel-
ing poor;
Cry out at morn and even, and amid the busy day,
"Spare, spare, O Lord, Thy people;—oh, cast us
not away!"

Hush down the sounds of quarrel; let party-names
alone;
Let brother join with brother, and England claim
her own:
In battle with the Mammon-host join peasant,
clerk, and lord,
Sweet charity your banner-flag, and GOD FOR ALL
your word.

ALFORD.

THE TRUMPET.

THE trumpet's voice hath roused the land,
Light up the beacon-pyre;

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A hundred hills have seen the brand,
And waved the sign of fire;
A hundred banners to the breeze
Their gorgeous folds have cast;
And, hark, was that the sound of seas?
A king to war went past.

The chief is arming in his hall,
The peasant by his hearth;
The mourner hears the thrilling call,
And rises from the earth;
The mother on her first-born son
Looks with a boding eye;—
They come not back, though all be won,
Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard has ceased his song, and bound
The falchion to his side;
Even for the marriage-altar crown'd
The lover quits his bride;—
And all this haste and change and fear
By earthly clarion spread,—
How will it be when kingdoms hear
The blast that wakes the dead!

MRS. HEMANS.

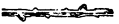
THE LIFE OF MAN.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flight of eagles are,

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Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubble which on water stood,—
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight called in and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies,
The stream dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

BISHOP KING.



THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide.
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire:
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain:
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield;
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field.
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign:
Peace courts his hand and spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till naught remain—
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky!"

PT. I.

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The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost.
He comes—nor want nor cold his course delay:
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day!
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shews his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark her end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand:
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

JOHNSON.

THE WAR OF THE LEAGUE.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign liege, Prince Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance
Through thy corn-fields green and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!

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And thou Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city
of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought
thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the
chance of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of
Navarre.

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when at the
dawn of day
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long
array;
With all its priest-led citizens and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's
Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses
of our land,
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon
in his hand;
And as on them we looked, we thought of Seine's
empurpled flood,
And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled with
his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the
fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of
Navarre.

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The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest;
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, God save our Lord the King!
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah, the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now, upon them with the lance!

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A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while like a guiding star
Amid the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours; Mayenne has turned his rein;
D'Aumale has cried for quarter; the Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale,
The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought of vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man. [my foe;
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go." [in war,
Oh, was there ever such a knight, in friendship or
As our sovereign lord King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Ho, maidens of Vienna! ho, matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.

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Ho, Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy
poor spearmen's souls!
Ho, gallant nobles of the League, look that your
arms be bright!
Ho, burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and
ward to-night!
For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God
hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the
valour of the brave.
Then glory to His holy Name, from whom all
glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of
Navarre!

MACAULAY.

THE SKIES.

Ay, gloriously thou standest there,
Beautiful, boundless firmament,
That, swelling wide o'er earth and air,
And round the horizon bent,
With thy bright vault and sapphire wall,
Dost overhang and circle all.

Far, far below thee, tall old trees
Arise, and piles built up of old,
And hills whose ancient summits freeze
In the fierce light and cold.

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The eagle soars his utmost height,
Yet far thou stretchest o'er his flight.

Thou hast thy frowns—with thee on high
The storm has made his airy seat,
Beyond that soft blue curtain lie
His stores of hail and sleet;
Thence the consuming lightnings break,
There the strong hurricanes awake.

Yet art thou prodigal of smiles—
Smiles sweeter than thy frowns are stern;
Earth sends from all her thousand isles
A shout at their return;
The glory that comes down from thee
Bathes in deep joy the land and sea.

The sun, the gorgeous sun, is thine,
The pomp that brings and shuts the day,
The clouds that round him change and shine,
The airs that fan his way;
Thence look the thoughtful stars, and there
The meek moon walks the silent air.

The sunny Italy may boast
The beauteous tints that flush her skies,
And lovely round the Grecian coast
May thy blue pillars rise;
I only know how fair they stand
Around my own beloved land.

And they are fair—a charm is theirs,
That earth, the proud green earth has not,

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With all the forms, and hues, and airs
That haunt her sweetest spot.
We gaze upon thy calm pure sphere,
And read of Heaven's eternal year.

Oh, when, amid the throng of men,
The heart grows sick of hollow mirth,
How willingly we turn us then
Away from this cold earth,
And look into thy azure breast
For seats of innocence and rest!

BRYANT.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
That feels its life in ev'ry breath—
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage-girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl,
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"

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"How many? seven in all," she said,
And, wondering, look'd at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answer'd, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;

Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then are ye only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied;
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

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My stockings there I often knit,
My 'kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sit and sing to them.

And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God releas'd her of her pain,
And then she went away.

So in the churchyard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we play'd,
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go;
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master, we are seven!"

"But they are dead, those two are dead,
Their spirits are in heaven:"

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'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

WORDSWORTH.

ADDRESS TO CERTAIN GOLD FISHES.

RESTLESS forms of living light,
Quiv'ring on your lucid wings,
Cheating still the curious sight
With a thousand shadowings;
Various as the tints of even,
Gorgeous as the hues of heaven
Reflected on your native streams
In flittering, flashing, billowy gleams!

Harmless warriors, clad in mail
Of silver breastplate, golden scale,—
Mail of nature's own bestowing,
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing.
Fleet are ye as fleetest galley,
Or pirate rover sent from Sallee;
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
Sport ye in your sea so narrow.

Was the sun himself your sire?
Were ye born of vital fire?
Or of the shade of golden flowers,
Such as we fetch from eastern bowers,
To mock this murky clime of ours?
Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
Weaving many a mystic dance:

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Seeming still to grow in size
When ye would elude our eyes:
Pretty creatures! we might deem
Ye were happy as ye seem,—
As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
As light, as loving, and as lithe,
As gladly earnest in your play,
As when ye gleam'd in far Cathay.

And yet, since on this hapless earth
There's small sincerity in mirth,
And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart;
It may be that your ceaseless gambols,
Your wheelings, dartings, divings, rambles,
Your restless roving round and round
The circuit of your crystal bound—
Is but the task of weary pain,
An endless labour dull and vain;
And while your forms are gaily shining,
Your little lives are inly pining!

Nay, but still I fain would dream
That ye are happy as ye seem,
Deck'd in Oriental pride
By homely British fireside.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.



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THE NEW FOREST.

THERE moves a sad procession
 Across the silent vale,
With backward-glancing eyes of grief,
 And tearful cheeks all pale.
Scatter'd and slow, without array,
 With wavering feet they go;
Yet with a kind of solemn pace,
 The measur'd tread of woe.

There women pause and tremble,
 And weep with breaking heart;
While men, with deeply knitted brows,
 Stride mutely on apart.
There infants cling upon the breast,
 Their own accustom'd place;
And children look up askingly
 Into each darken'd face.

For the king has sent his soldiers,
 Who strike, and pity not:
They have razed to the earth each smiling home,
 They have burnt each lowly cot.
It was the ruthless Conqueror
 By whom this deed was done;
And yet more fierce and hard of heart
 Was Rufus, his stern son.

So they leave each humble cottage
 Where they so long have dwelt,

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Where morn and eve to simple prayer,
With thankful hearts, they knelt;
Places all brighten'd with the joy
Of sweet domestic years,
And spots made holy by the flow
Of unforgotten tears.

And the gardens are uprooted,
And the walls cast down around;
It is all a spacious wilderness—
The king's great hunting-ground!
While hopeless, homeless, shelterless,
Those exiles wander on;
And most of them lie down to die
Ere many days are gone.

O Forest! green New Forest!
Home of the bird and breeze,
With all thy soft and sweeping glades,
And long dim aisles of trees;
Like some ancestral palace,
Thou standest proud and fair;
Yet is each tree a monument
To Death and lone Despair!

And thou, relentless tyrant!
Ride forth and chase the deer,
With a heart that never melted yet
To pity or to fear.
But for all these broken spirits,
And for all these wasted homes,
God will avenge the fatherless—
The day of reckoning comes!

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To hunt rode fierce King Rufus
Upon a holy morn;
The Church had summon'd him to pray,
But he held the Church in scorn.
Sir Walter Tyrrel rode with him,
And drew his good bow-string;
He drew the string to smite a deer,
But his arrow smote the king.

Down from his startled charger
The death-struck monarch falls;
Sir Walter fled afar for fear,
And turn'd not at his calls.
On the spot where his strong hand had made
So many desolate,
He died with none to pity him—
Such was the tyrant's fate.

None mourn'd for cruel Rufus:
With pomp they buried him,
But no heart grieved beside his bier,
No kindly eye grew dim;
But poor men lifted up their heads,
And clasp'd their hands and said,
"Thank God, the ruthless Conqueror
And his stern son are dead!"

Remember, oh, remember,
Ye who shudder at my lay,
These cruel men were children once,
As ye are now were they:
They sported round a mother's seat,
They prayed beside her knee;

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She gazed into their cloudless eyes,
And ask'd, "What will they be?"

Alas, unhappy mothers!
If ye could then have known
How crime would make each soft young heart
As cold and hard as stone;
Ye would have wish'd them in their graves,
Ere life had pass'd its spring.
Ah, friends, keep watch upon your hearts;—
Sin is a fearful thing.

S. M.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

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But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn,—but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

CAMPBELL.

THE HOME OF THE SPIRIT.

Answer me, burning stars of night,
Where is the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight,
As a swift breeze hath flown?
And the stars answer'd me: "We roll
In light and power on high,
But of the never-dying soul
Ask that which cannot die."

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O many-toned and chainless wind,
Thou art a wanderer free;
Tell me if thou its place can'st find,
Far over mount and sea?
And the wind murmur'd in reply:
"The blue deep I have cross'd,
And met its barks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost."

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer; have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run?
The bright clouds answer'd: "We depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart,
For that which cannot die."

Speak, then, thou voice of God within,
Thou of the deep low tone;
Answer me through life's restless din—
Where is the spirit flown?
And the voice answer'd: "Be thou still
Enough to know is given,
Clouds, winds, and stars *their* part fulfil;
Thine is to trust in Heaven."

MRS. HEMANS.

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THE SUNBEAM.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall;
A joy thou art and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea:
Sunbeam, what gift has the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and Ocean smiles;
Thou hast touch'd with glory his thousand isles,
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
And gladden'd the sailor like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades
Thou art streaming on thro' their green arcades,
And the quiv'ring leaves that have caught thy glow
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I look'd on the mountains; a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array:
Thou brakest forth,—and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot;
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot,
But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,
And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender smile on the ruin's head.

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Thou tak'st through the dim church-aisle thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
And its high pale tombs with their trophies old
Are bath'd in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to sighing winds may wave;
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer! oh, what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!—
One thing is like thee to mortals given:
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.

When spring to woods and wastes around
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murder'd traveller's bones were found
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch above him hung
Her tassels in the sky;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded careless by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead,

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And fearless near the fatal spot
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away;
And gentle eyes for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Were sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who lov'd him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarm'd and hard beset;—

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
The Northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild cat stole
To banquet on the dead.

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dress'd the hasty bier,
And mark'd his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoisten'd by a tear.

But long they look'd and fear'd and wept
Within his distant home;
And dream'd and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

So long they look'd,—but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died
Far down that narrow glen.

BRYANT.

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KING HENRY V. AND THE HERMIT OF DREUX.

He pass'd unquestion'd through the camp,
Their heads the soldiers bent
In silent reverence, or begg'd
A blessing, as he went;
And so the Hermit pass'd along,
And reach'd the royal tent.

King Henry sat in his tent alone,
The map before him lay:
Fresh conquests he was planning there
To grace the future day.

King Henry lifted up his eyes
The intruder to behold;
With reverence he the Hermit saw,
For the holy man was old;
His look was gentle as a saint's,
And yet his eye was bold.

"Repent thee, Henry, of the wrongs
Which thou hast done this land!
O king, repent in time; for know
The judgment is at hand.

I have past forty years of peace
Beside the river Blaise;
But what a weight of woe hast thou
Laid on my latter days!

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I used to see along the stream
The white sail sailing down,
That wafted food in better times
To yonder peaceful town.

Henry, I never now behold
The white sail sailing down:
Famine, Disease, and Death, and thou,
Destroy the wretched town.

I used to hear the traveller's voice,
As here he pass'd along;
Or maiden as she loiter'd home,
Singing her even-song.

No traveller's voice may now be heard,—
In fear he hastens by;
But I have heard the village maid
In vain for succour cry.

I used to see the youths row down,
And watch the dripping oar,
As pleasantly their viol's tones
Came soften'd to the shore.

King Henry, many a blacken'd corpse
I now see floating down;
Thou bloody man, repent in time,
And leave this leaguer'd town."

"I shall go on," King Henry cried,
"And conquer this good land;

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See'st thou not, Hermit, that the Lord
Hath given it to my hand?"

The Hermit heard King Henry speak,
And angrily look'd down;
His face was gentle, and for that
More solemn was his frown.

"What if no miracle from Heaven
The murderer's arm control;
Think you for that the weight of blood
Lies lighter on his soul?

Thou conqueror king, repent in time,
Or dread the coming woe!
For, Henry, thou hast heard the threat,
And soon shalt feel the blow!"

King Henry forced a careless smile,
As the Hermit went his way:
But Henry soon remember'd him,
Upon his dying day.

SOUTHEY.

TO A BEAUTIFUL FEMALE PORTRAIT.

Art thou of earth, thou vision fair,
Can aught of this frail life be there?
Shar'st thou man's fearful destiny,—
To hope, to dread, to sin, and die?
No! frailty cannot dwell with thee;
Guile cannot taint thy purity.

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That calm celestial loveliness
Bespeaks, though clad in earthly dress,
A sinless soul, from sorrow free,
That soars above humanity.
Still silent? and hath never word
Of answer from those lips been heard?
Was it a breath the canvass stirred?—
Alas! thou'rt but a phantasy;
A sweet illusive mockery!
And mortal hand hath wrought a spell
On which my eyes would fondly dwell,
And dream of things that may not be,
Till thou from earthly thraldom free
Hast put on immortality.

ANON.

THE FLY.

Nay, do not wantonly destroy
That harmless fly, my thoughtless boy.
His busy hum that vexes thee
Is but an idler's minstrelsy;
Unconscious of his threaten'd doom
He gaily courses round the room;
Fearless alights upon thy book,
Nor fears thy irritated look.
A gay voluptuary, he
Devotes his life to revelry;
Anticipates no future ill,
But sips and gambols where he will.

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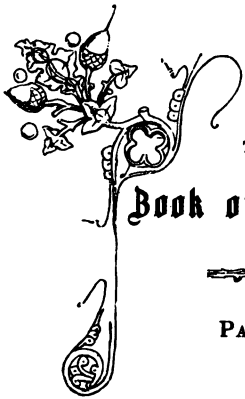
Yet the same Power that bade the sun
His daily course of glory run;
Who aye sustains each rolling sphere,
And guides them in their vast career,—
E'en to the lowly fly has given
To share with man the light of Heaven.

Go, busy trifler, sport thine hour,
Though brief as life of summer flower;
The wintry blast that strips the tree
Shall bring the closing hour to thee.
But mark me, boy! the heedless fly
This useful lesson may supply;
Like him, the youth who gives his day
To pleasure's soft insidious sway,
Voluptuous joys his only care,
Will find a lurking poison there;
Too late will mourn his wasted bloom,
And shroud his blossoms in the tomb.

ANON.



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THE

Book of Poetry.

PART II.

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THE

BOOK OF POETRY.

Part II.

TO CORINNA, TO GO A-MAYING.



ET up, get up for shame; the blooming Morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east
Above an hour since, yet you are not drest,
Nay not so much as out of bed;
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tissin,
Nay profanation, to keep in,

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Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept;
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night;
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying;
Few beads are best when once we go a-maying.

HERRICK.

THE POET.

Prophets and poets were of old
Made of the same celestial mould.
True poets are a saint-like race,
And with the gift receive the grace;
Of their own songs the virtue feel,
Warm'd with an heav'n-enkindled zeal.

A poet should have heat and light;
Of all things a capacious sight;

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Serenity with rapture join'd;
Aims noble; eloquence refined,
Strong, modest; sweetness to endear;
Expressions lively, lofty, clear.

High thoughts; an admirable theme;
For decency a chaste esteem;
For harmony a perfect skill;
Just characters of good and ill;
And all concenter'd—souls to please,
Instruct, inflame, melt, calm, and ease.

Such graces can nowhere be found
Except on consecrated ground;
Where poets fix on God their thought,
By sacred inspiration taught;
Where each poetic votary sings
In heavenly strains of heavenly things.

BP. KEN.

LYCIDAS.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due,
For Lycidas is dead; dead ere his prime—
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew

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Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield; and both together heard
What time the grey fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
T'wards heaven's descent had slop'd his westering wheel.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,—
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn;
The willows and the hazel-copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or tain-worm to the weanling-herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white-thorn blows,—
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

But weep not, woful shepherds, weep no more
For Lycidas, your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,

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And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
For Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
Through the dear might of Him who walk'd the waves,
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love:
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

MILTON.

SLEEP.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh mine eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch

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A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude tempestuous surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds,
That with the burly death itself awakes:
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low,—lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SHAKSPERE.

PASTORAL CHARACTER.

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable board,
And a refin'd rusticity, belong
To the neat mansion, where, his flock among,
The learned pastor dwells, their watchful lord.
Though meek and patient as a sheathed sword;
Though pride's least lurking thought appear a wrong
To human kind; though peace be on his tongue,
Gentleness in his heart;—can earth afford
Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
As when, array'd in Christ's authority,

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He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand,
Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
For re-subjecting to Divine command
The stubborn spirit of rebellious man!

WORDSWORTH.

THE RUINS OF ROME.

'Twas there, beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
Th' astonish'd swains with rev'rent awe beheld
Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother twin,
Pressing the teat within a monster's grasp,
Sportive; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
Turn'd her stretch'd neck and form'd your tender limbs.
So taught of Jove, e'en the fell savage fed
Your sacred infancies: your virtues, toils,
The conquests, glories of th' Ausonian state,
Wrapp'd in their sacred seeds. Each kindred soul,
Robust and stout, ye grapple to your hearts;
And little Rome appears. Her cots arise;
Green twigs of osier weave the slender walls;
Green rushes spread the roofs; and here and there
Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
Elate with joy, Etruscan Tiber views
Her spreading scenes enamelling his wave,
Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
And gathering swains; and rolls his yellow car
To Neptune's courts with more majestic train.

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Her speedy growth alarm'd the states around,
Jealous; yet soon, by wondrous virtue won,
They sink into her bosom. From the plough
Rose her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd,—
Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers:
For them no private pomp, no household state,
The public only swell'd the gen'rous breast.
Who has not heard the Fabian heroes sung?
Dentatus' scars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
How Manlius sav'd the Capitol? the choice
Of steady Regulus? As yet they stood
Simple of life; as yet seducing wealth
Was unexplored, and shame of poverty
Yet unimagin'd. Shine not all the fields
With various fruitage? Murmur not the brooks
Along the flow'ry valleys? They, content,
Feasted at nature's hand, indelicate,
Blithe in their easy taste, and only sought
To know their duties—that their only strife,
Their gen'rous strife, and greatly to perform.
They, through all shapes of peril and of pain,
Intent on honour, dar'd in thickest death
To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,
Nor Thrasymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,
Their dauntless courage: storming Hannibal
In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd;
The thunder of the battle they return'd
Back on his Punic shores, till Carthage fell,
And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
With precious spoils: alas, prosperity!
Ah, baneful state! Yet ebb'd not all their strength

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In soft luxurious pleasures: proud desire
Of boundless sway, and feverish thirst of gold,
Rous'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,
Torn from her joys, in vain, with languid arm,
Half-rais'd her rusty shield. Nor could avail
The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart;
Nor yet the car of that fam'd British chief,
Which seven brave years, beneath the doubtless wing
Of vict'ry, dreadful roll'd its grinding wheels
Over the bloody war: the Roman arms
Triumph'd till Fame was silent of their foes.
And now the world unrivall'd they enjoy'd
In proud security: the crested helm,
The plaited greave and corslet, hung unbrac'd;
Nor clank'd their arms, the spear and sounding shield,
But on the glittering trophy, to the wind.
Dissolv'd in ease and soft delights they lie,
Till every sun annoys, and every wind
Has chilling force, and every rain offends.
For now the frame no more is girt with strength
Masculine, nor, in the lustiness of heart,
Laughs at the winter-storm and summer-beam,
Superior to their rage: enfeebling vice
Withers each nerve, and opens every pore
To painful feeling.
But see, along the North the tempest swells
O'er the rough Alps, and darkens all their snows!
Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreadful names!
Rush as the breach of waters, whelming all

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Their domes, their villas; down the festive piles,
Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.
Vain end of human strength, of human skill,
Conquest and triumph, and domain and pomp,
And ease and luxury! O luxury!
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine!
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave,
How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulf where Asshur lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten; and high-boasting Cham,
And Elam's haughty pomp, and beauteous Greece,
And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome!

DYER.

MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd:
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
Th' attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway:

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It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute of God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

SHAKSPERE.

THE FATHER-LAND.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land?"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wand'ring on a foreign strand?
If such there be, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel-raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concenter'd all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.
O Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood!
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?

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Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as to me of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams are left:
And thus I love them better still,
E'en in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot-stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

SCOTT.

ADDRESS TO A MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dumby;
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune;

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Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.[1]
Not like their ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us,—for doubtless thou can'st recollect,—
To whom we should assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropp'd a halfpenny in Homer's hat;
Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy?—then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself;
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumber'd,
What thou hast seen,—what strange adventures number'd?

[1] "Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon."
SHAKSPERE.

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Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,
The nature of thy private life unfold;
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have roll'd:
Have children climb'd those knees, and kiss'd that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh! immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecay'd within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the last trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

HORACE SMITH.

YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
Where hope clung feeding, like a bee,—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With nature, hope, and poesy,

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When I was young!
When I was young?—Ah, woful when!
Ah! for the change 'twixt now and then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flash'd along;
Like those trim skiffs unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
Oh, the joys that came down shower-like
Of friendship, love, and liberty,
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old?—Ah, woful ere!
Which tells me, youth's no longer here!
O youth! for years so many and sweet
'Tis known that thou and I were one;
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be, that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd:—
And thou wert aye a masker bold.
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this alter'd size:

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But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought; so think I will,
That youth and I are housemates still.

S. T. COLERIDGE.



MORNING.

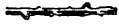
But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
Slow tells the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;

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Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

BEATTIE.



THE POET'S PRAYER.

HAIL to the crown by freedom shap'd, to gird
An English sovereign's brow! and to the throne
Whereon he sits! whose deep foundations lie
In veneration and the people's love;
Whose steps are equity, whose seat is law.
Hail to the state of England! And conjoin
With this a salutation as devout
Made to the spiritual fabric of her Church;
Founded in truth, by blood of martyrdom
Cemented, by the hands of wisdom rear'd
In beauty of holiness, with order'd pomp,
Decent and unreprov'd. The voice that greets
The majesty of both shall pray for both,
That, mutually protected and sustain'd,
They may endure long as the sea surrounds
This favour'd land, or sunshine warms her soil.
And oh, ye swelling hills and spacious plains,
Besprent from shore to shore with steeple-towers,
And spires whose "silent finger points to heaven;"
Nor wanting, at wide intervals, the bulk
Of ancient minster, lifted above the cloud
Of the dense air which town or city breeds,
To intercept the sun's glad beams! may ne'er
That true succession fail of English hearts,

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Who, with ancestral feeling, can perceive
What in those structures ye possess
Of ornamental interest, and the charm
Of pious sentiment diffus'd afar,
And human charity, and social love.
Thus never shall the indignities of time
Approach their reverend graces unoppos'd;
Nor shall the elements be free to hurt
Their fair proportions; nor the blinder rage
Of bigot zeal madly to overturn.
And if the devastating hand of war
Spare them, they shall continue to bestow
Upon the throng'd abodes of busy men
(Deprav'd, and ever prone to fill their minds
Exclusively with transitory things)
An air and mien of dignified pursuit;
Of sweet civility on rustic wilds.
The poet, fostering for his native land
Such hope, entreats that servants may abound
Of those pure altars worthy; ministers
Detach'd from pleasure; to the love of gain
Superior; unsusceptible of pride,
And by ambitious longings undisturb'd:
Men whose delight is where their duty leads
Or fixes them; whose least distinguish'd day
Shines with some portion of that heav'nly lustre
Which makes the Sabbath lovely in the sight
Of blessed angels, pitying human cares.

WORDSWORTH.

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ELEGY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids ev'ry fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whisp'ring from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

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For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

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Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

* * * *

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command;
The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes—

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;

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Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain shall say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

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There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots on high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchyard path we saw him borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

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Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere—
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear;
He gain'd from heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode—
(Where they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

GRAY.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes,—and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends and children who have never
Been dead indeed—as we shall know for ever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air,—
A child, a friend, a wife, whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, waiting for future wings.

L. HUNT.

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ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen:
Round many western islands have I been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet never did I breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken,
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

KEATS.

FROM CHAPMAN'S TRANSLATION OF HOMER.

ILIAD I.

The Banquet.

THE youths crown'd cups with wine
Drank off and fill'd to all again: that day was held divine,
Consumed in pæans to the sun; who heard with pleased ear;
When whose bright chariot stoop'd to sea, and twilight hid the clear,

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All soundly on their cables slept ev'n till the night was worn:
And when the lady of the light, the rosy-finger'd morn
Rose from the hills, all fresh arose and to the camp retired,
While Phœbus with a foreright wind their bark inspir'd.

ILIAD II.

Nestor's Speech on the Dream of Agamemnon.

"Princes and councillors of Greece, if any should relate
This vision but the king himself, it might be held a tale,
And move the rather our retreat: but since our general
Affirms he saw it, hold it true; and all our best means make
To arm our army." This speech used he first the council brake.
The other sceptre-bearing states arose too and obey'd
The people's victor. Being abroad, the earth was overlaid
With flockers to them that came forth; as when of frequent bees,
Swarms rise out of a hollow rock, repairing the degrees

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Of their egression endlessly; with ever rising new
From forth their sweet nest; as their store, still
as it faded, grew,
And never would cease sending forth her clusters
to the spring,
They still crowd out so; this flock here, that
there, belabouring
The loaded flowers; so from the ships and tents
the army's store
Troop'd to these princes, and the court, along th'
unmeasur'd shore.

G. CHAPMAN, 1580.

CONSTANCY.

WHO is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue;
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true:
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or, glittering, look it blind.
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks nor shuns them, but does calmly stay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh;

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All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo
To use in any thing a trick or sleight,
For above all things he abhors deceit.
His words, and works, and fashions too,
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations. When the day is done
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run.
The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue. Virtue is his sun.

HERBERT.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

SPORTING through the forest wide;
Playing by the water-side;
Wandering o'er the heathy fells;
Down within the woodland dells;
All among the mountains wild,
Dwelleth manya little child!
In the baron's hall of pride;
By the poor man's dull fireside;
Mid the mighty, mid the mean,
Little children may be seen;
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright, and countless, every where!

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In the far isles of the main;
In the desert's lone domain;
In the savage mountain-glen,
Mid the tribes of swarthy men;
Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone;
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found!

Blessings on them! they in me
Move a kind of sympathy
With their wishes, hopes, and fears;
With their laughter and their tears;
With their wonder, so intense,
And their small experience!
Little children, not alone
On the wide earth are ye known;
Mid its labours, and its cares,
Mid its sufferings, and its snares.
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod,
In the presence of your God,
Spotless, blameless, glorified,
Little children, ye abide!

JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

THE VILLAGE BELLS.

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And, as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleased

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With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village-bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet; now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where mem'ry slept! Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And, with it, all its pleasures and its pains.
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That, in a few short moments, I retrace
(As in a map the voyager his course)
The winding of my way through many years.
Short as in retrospect the journey seems,
It seem'd not always short: the rugged path,
And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,
Mov'd many a sigh at its disheartening length:
Yet feeling present evils, while the past
Faintly impress the mind, or not at all,
How readily we wish time spent revok'd,
That we may try the ground again, where once
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive)
We miss'd that happiness we might have found!
Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best friend,
A father, whose authority, in shew
When most severe, and must'ring all its force,
Was but the graver countenance of love:
Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might lour,

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And utter now and then an awful voice,
But had a blessing in its darkest frown,
Threat'ning at once and nourishing the plant.
We lov'd, but not enough, the gentle hand
That reared us. At a thoughtless age, allured
By every gilded folly, we renounc'd
His shelt'ring side, and wistfully forewent
That converse which we now in vain regret.
How gladly would the man recall to life
The boy's neglected sire! A mother too,
The softer friend, perhaps more gladly still,
Might he demand them at the gates of death.
Sorrow has, since they went, subdued and tamed
The playful humour; he could now endure,
(Himself grown sober in the vale of tears),
And feel a parent's presence no restraint.
But not to understand a treasure's worth
Till time has stol'n away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.
The few that pray at all pray oft amiss,
And seeking grace t' improve the prize they hold,
Would urge a wiser suit than asking more.

COWPER.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF BEES.

So work the honey-bees:
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.

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They have a king, and officers of sorts,—
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armèd in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

SHAKSPERE.

TO MAY.

THOUGH many suns have risen and set
Since thou, blithe May, wert born,
And bards who hail'd thee may forget
Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn;
There are who to a birthday strain
Confine not harp and voice,
But evermore throughout thy reign
Are grateful, and rejoice.

Delicious odours; music sweet,
Too sweet to pass away;

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Oh, for a deathless song to meet
The soul's desire—a lay,
That, when a thousand years are told,
Should praise thee, genial power!
Through summer heat, autumnal cold,
And winter's dreariest hour.

Earth, sea, thy presence feel—nor less
(If yon ethereal blue
With its soft smile the truth express,)
The heavens have felt it too.
The inmost heart of man, if glad,
Partakes a livelier cheer;
And eyes that cannot but be sad
Let fall a brighten'd tear.

Since thy return, through days and weeks
Of hope that grew by stealth,
How many wan and faded cheeks
Have kindled into health!
The old, by thee revived, have said,
"Another year is ours;"
And way-worn wanderers, poorly fed,
Have smiled upon thy flowers.

Who tripping lisps a merry song
Amid his playful peers?
The tender infant, who was long
A prisoner of fond fears;
But now, when every sharp-edged blast
Is quiet in its sheath,
His mother leaves him free to taste
Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

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Thy help is with the weed that creeps
Along the humblest ground;
No cliff so bare but on its steeps
Thy favours may be found;
But most on some peculiar nook
That our own hands have drest,
Thou and thy train are proud to look,
And seem to love it best.

And yet how pleased we wander forth
When May is whispering, "Come!
Choose from the bowers of virgin earth
The happiest for your home;
Heaven's bounteous love through me is spread
From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,—
Drops on the mouldering turret's head,
And on your turf-clad graves."

WORDSWORTH.

ADVERSITY.

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,—
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
E'en till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,

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This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

SHAKSPERE.

VANITY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now hath left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!

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There is betwixt that smile that we aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

SHAKSPERE.

ADDRESS OF ADAM AND EVE TO THE DEITY.

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty, Thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair,—Thyself how wond'rous, then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing. Ye in heaven,
On earth, join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,

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Acknowledge Him the greater, sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou
fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st;
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the woods' great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers;
Rising or falling, still advance His praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters
blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye
pines,
With ev'ry plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs warbling, tune His praise.
Join voices all, ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise;

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Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or e'en,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

MILTON.



UNSEEN WATCHERS.

Is there a spot in memory's shrine
More dear than all the rest,
Sure 'tis where those we loved, no more
By sin or grief oppress'd,
Beneath the daisied turf awhile in peace do softly sleep,
And flowers, dissolved in tears of dew, alone sweet vigils keep.

Thither at rosy morning tide,
Thither at sultry noon,
But chiefly when the evening sky
Waits for the summer moon,
When all is still, and not a leaf doth quiver in the grove,
Thither, by paths unknown to us, sweet fancy loves to rove.

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We may not trace with mortal eye
The path of trackless thought,
Nor ken how time and space to it
Are but as things of nought;
We only know it is a boon by God to mortals given,
That they, while pilgrims here on earth, might reach in thought e'en heaven.

A sudden pause, a word, a look,
Mid those whom Death hath left us,
Summons, unbid, to instant view,
Friends of whom he hath reft us;
Then by-gone scenes we trace again, and days live o'er again
In tearful pleasure, though the soul shrinks from the pleasing pain.

Once more we mark the well-known form
To which so oft we've clung,
Fancy we hear, as once we heard,
Sweet accents from that tongue
Now mute in death; but like a dream, anon, at sudden wave
Of Fancy's magic rod they pass, and sink into the grave.

Lo! we are standing on the mound
Which hides the once-loved head—
Hush! beating heart, 'tis holy ground,
The chambers of the dead.

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Be still, vain thoughts; look up, my soul, to heaven; why wilt thou weep?
Not flowers alone, but angels, here their solemn vigil keep.

They are above thee, and around
Through all the silent air;
In life, unseen, they scan thy path,
Thy way most secret share.

In death, when mortal frame returns back to its native earth,
Still are they nigh to welcome thee to an immortal birth.

ANON.

THE MISERIES OF LIFE.

Ah, little think the gay licentious crowd,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround,—
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah, little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment death,
And all the sad variety of pain;
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame; how many bleed,
By shameful variance between man and man;
How many pine in want and dungeon-glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs; how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread

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Of misery; sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty; how many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse,—
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter to the tragic Muse:
E'en in the vale where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep-retir'd distress; how many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,—
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

THOMSON.

A DESCRIPTION OF MUSIC.

Eftsoons they heard a most delicious sound
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,

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Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere.
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear
To read what manner music that mote be;
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony—
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree!

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet;
Th' angelical, soft, trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet,
With the base murmur of the water's fall;
The water's fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answerèd to all.

SPENSER.

OTHERS ADMIRE IN THEE A POET'S FIRE.

Others admire in thee a poet's fire,
So sweetly temper'd to a classic lyre;
Others, how deepest thought and wise design
Put on harmonious beauty in each line;
Others, how thy sweet urn of sacred glee
Lights earthly things with heavenly charity;
Others, how every turn and winding scene
Leads to a temple in the blue serene;
One would to thy meek willow's lesson turn,
One melodies of mountain streamlet learn;
One loves thy red November's calm decay,
One the bright lengthening of thine April day.

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One with thee enters in the home divine
To worship there, but not to praise thy shrine.
'Tis sweet to note, in varying character,
How each his bosom'd thoughts finds pictured there.
And some condemn thee as too deep a mine,
Where haply diamonds hid and rubies shine,
But they upon the surface love to flit,—
'Twere diving into Pindar's golden wit!
But these things other thoughts to me endear;
Thy book I love because thyself is there.
And all I know of glad philosophy,
And all I know of life's home poesy,
And all I know of calm and healthful thought,
And all of better wisdom Heaven hath taught,
And all that I have seen of azure sky
Brought forth from out a deep captivity,
And all which through the clouds of sin and grief
Has shed o'er life a light of sweet relief,—
And all that I have known of cheering glow,
That glares not but lights up our hearth below,
And all I have of friends more dear than life,
Calming with gentler wisdom this world's strife
(So it hath pleasèd Heaven, who gave the same),—
These all to me are link'd with thy dear name.
Through thee, whate'er through broken clouds
hath gleam'd,
Through thee from Heaven these beams on me
have stream'd.
Therefore, when others talk, yet own I still
Far deeper thoughts than theirs my bosom fill.

IS. WILLIAMS.

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CUMNOR HALL.

The dews of summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies,
The sounds of busy life were still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester!" she cried, "is this thy love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immur'd in shameful privity?

No more thou com'st with lover's speed
Thy once belovèd bride to see;
But be she 'live, or be she dead,
I fear, stern earl, 's the same to thee.

Not so the usage I receiv'd
When happy in my father's hall:
No faithless husband then me griev'd,
No chilling fears did me appal.

I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay;
And like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.

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If that my beauty is but small,
Amongst court ladies all despis'd—
Why didst thou rend it from that hall
Where, scornful earl, it well was priz'd?

And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was you oft would say;
And, proud of conquest, pluck'd the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

Yes, now neglected and despis'd,
The rose is pale—the lily's dead;
But he that once their charms so priz'd
Is, sure, the cause those charms are fled.

For, know, when sick'ning grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay—
What flow'ret can endure the storm?

At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady 's passing rare;
That eastern flowers that shame the sun
Are not so glowing, not so fair:

Then, earl, why did'st thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

'Mong rural beauties I was one;
Among the fields wild flowers are fair:
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

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But, Leicester, or I much am wrong,
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

Then, Leicester, why, again I plead—
(The injur'd surely may repine)—
Why didst thou wed a country-maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh, then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave me mourn the live-long day?

The village-maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as I go;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy 's their estate;
To smile for joy—than sigh for woe;
To be content—than to be great.

How far less blest am I than them,
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant that from its stem
Divided feels the chilling air!

Nor, cruel earl, can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude:
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns or prating rude.

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Last night, as sad I chanc'd to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear:
They wink'd aside, and seem'd to say,
'Countess, prepare; thy end is near!'

And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

My spirits flag, my hopes decay—
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
And many a boding seems to say,
'Countess, prepare; thy end is near!'"

Thus, sore and sad, that lady griev'd,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring;
An aerial voice was heard to call;
And thrice the raven flapp'd his wings
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall:

The mastiff howl'd at village-door;
The oaks were shatter'd on the green:
Woe was the hour,—for never more
That hapless countess e'er was seen!

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And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall!

The village-maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall,
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a trav'ller oft hath sigh'd,
And pensive wept the countess' fall,
As, wand'ring onwards, he has spied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

MICKLE.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Clarence's Dream.

Oh, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights!
Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And in my company my brother Glo'ster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd tow'rd England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befallen us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,

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Methought that Glo'ster stumbled, and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord, methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattered.—
And then my dream was lengthen'd after life,
And then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman that poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger-soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"—
And so he vanish'd. Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,
"Clarence is come!—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:

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Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments !'
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous noises, that with the very noise
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

SHAKSPERE.



ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,—
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts: who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean, without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait."

MILTON.

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DISCORD'S HOUSE.

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is,
There whereas all plagues and harmes abound,
Which punish wicked men that walk amiss:
It is a darksome delve farre under ground,
With thorns and barren brakes environ'd round,
That none the same way may out win.
Yet many ways to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in;
For discord harder is to end than to begin.

And all within the riven walles were hung
With ragged monuments of times fore-past,
Of which the sad effects of discord sung:
There were rent robes and broken sceptres plac't,
Altars defil'd, and holy things defac't,
Dishevered spears, and shields ytorne in twaine,
Great cittys ransack't, and strong castles ras't,
Nations captived, and huge armies slain;
Of all which ruines there some reliques did remain.

There was the signe of antique Babylon,
Of fatal Thebes, of Rome that reigned long,
Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion;
For memory of which on high there hong
The golden apple (cause of all their wrong),
For which the three faire goddesses did strive:
There also was the name of Nimrod strong;

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Of Alexander, and his princes five,
Which shar'd to them the spoils which he had got alive.

And there the reliques of the drunken fray
The which among the Lapithees befell;
And of the bloody feast, which sent away
So many centaurs' drunken souls to hell,
That under great Alcides' fury fell;
And of the dreadful discord which did drive
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,
That each of life sought other to deprive,
All mindless of the golden fleece which made them strive.

And eke of private persons many moe,
That 'twere too long a work to count them all:
Some of sworne friends, that did their faith forgoe;
Some of borne brethren, prov'd unnatural;
Some of deare lovers, foes perpetual;—
Witness their broken bands there to be seen,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres dispoiled all;
The monuments whereof there byding been,
As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh and green.

Such was the house within: but all without,
The barren ground was full of wicked weeds
Which she herself had sowen all about,
Now growen great, at first of little seeds,
The seeds of evil words, and factious deedes;

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Which when to ripeness due they growen are,
Bring forth an infinite increase, that breedes
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious jarre,
The which must often end in bloodshed and in warre.

SPENSER.

THE MESSIAH.

Ye nymphs of Solyma, begin the song:
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more. O Thou, my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a Branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies;
Th' ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens, from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower;
The sick and weak the healing Plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive-wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.

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Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn;
Oh, spring to light! auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all th' incense of the breathing spring;
See lofty Lebanon his head advance;
See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfume the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God! a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies;
Sink down, ye mountains; and, ye valleys, rise;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold;
Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day;
'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe:
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face He wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;

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The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms—
Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage,
The promis'd Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end:
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.

POPE.

THE SPELL OF POETRY.

I BROKE the spell that held me long,
The dear, dear witchery of song.
I said, the poet's idle lore
Shall waste my prime of years no more;
For poetry, though heavenly born,
Consorts with poverty and scorn.

I broke the spell—nor deemed its power
Could fetter me another hour.

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Ah, thoughtless! how could I forget?
Its causes were around me yet;
For wheresoe'er I look'd, the while
Was nature's everlasting smile.

Still came and linger'd on my sight,
Of flowers and stars, the bloom and light,
And glory of the stars and sun;—
And these and poetry are one;
They ere the world had held me long
Recall'd me to the love of song.

BRYANT.



FROM THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES ADDRESSED TO ARBUTHNOT BY POPE.

Shut up the door, good John! fatigued, I said,
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick,—I'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide;
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free.
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me;

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Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.
Is there a mortal much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross,—
Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls?
All fly to Twick'nham, and in humble strain
Apply to me to keep them, mad or vain.
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
If *foes*, they *write*; if *friends*, they *read* me dead.
Seized, and tied down to judge, how wretched I;
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh were want of goodness and of grace;
And to be grave exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility; I read
With honest anguish and with aching head,
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

POPE.

UNA.

NOUGHT is there under heaven's wide hollowness
That moves more dear compassion of the mind,
Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretchedness
Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind.

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I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast fealty
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierced with so great agony
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

And now it is empassioned so deep
For fairest Una's sake, of whom I sing,
That my frail eyes these lines with tears do steep,
To think how she, through guilefull handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though fair as ever living wight was fair,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despair;
And her due loves derived to that vile witche's share.

Yet she, most woefull lady, all this while
Forsaken, woefull, solitary maid,
Far from all people's press as in exile,
In wilderness and wasteful deserts stray'd
To seek her knight; who, subtilly betray'd
Through that late vision which th' enchanter wrought,
Had her abandon'd: she of nought affray'd,
Through woods and wasteness wide him daily sought,
Yet wished tidings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight,
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;

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From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside: her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heav'nly grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushèd suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after savage blood:
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devour'd her tender corse:
But to the prey whenas he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
And with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

Instead thereof, he kist her weary feet,
And lick'd her lily hands with fawning tongue;
As he her wrongèd innocence did weet.
Oh, how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!

SPENSER.

HYMN TO THE SEA.

WHO shall declare the secret of thy birth,
Thou old companion of the circling earth?
And having reached with keen poetic sight
Ere beast or happy bird
Through the vast silence stirred,
Roll back the folded darkness of the primal night?

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Corruption-like, thou teemedst in the graves
Of mouldering systems, with dark weltering waves
Troubling the peace of the first mother's womb;
Whose ancient awful form,
With inly-tossing storm,
Unquiet heavings kept—a birth-place and a tomb.

Till the life-giving Spirit moved above
The face of the waters, with creative love
Warming the hidden seeds of infant light:
What time the mighty word
Through thine abyss was heard,
And swam from out thy deeps the young day heavenly bright.

Thou and the earth, twin-sisters as they say,
In the old prime were fashioned in one day;
And therefore thou delightest evermore
With her to lie and play
The summer hours away,
Curling thy loving ripples up her quiet shore.

She is a married matron long ago,
With nations at her side; her milk doth flow
Each year: but thee no husband dares to tame;
Thy wild will is thine own,
Thy sole and virgin throne—
Thy mood is ever changing—thy resolve the same.

Sunlight and moonlight minister to thee;—
O'er the broad circle of the shoreless sea

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Heaven's two great lights for ever set and rise;
While the round vault above,
In vast and silent love,
Is gazing down upon thee with his hundred eyes.

All night thou utterest forth thy solemn moan,
Counting the weary minutes all alone;
Then in the morning thou dost calmly lie,
Deep-blue, ere yet the sun
His day-work hath begun,
Under the opening windows of the golden sky.

The Spirit of the mountain looks on thee
Over an hundred hills; quaint shadows flee
Across thy marbled mirror; brooding lie
Storm-mists of infant cloud,
With a sight-baffling shroud
Mantling the grey-blue islands in the western sky.

Sometimes thou liftest up thine hands on high
Into the tempest-cloud that blurs the sky,
Holding rough dalliance with the fitful blast,
Whose stiff breath, whistling shrill,
Pierces with deadly chill [mast.
The wet crew feebly clinging to their shattered

Foam-white along the border of the shore
Thine onward-leaping billows plunge and roar;
While o'er the pebbly ridges slowly glide
Cloaked figures, dim and grey,
Through the thick mist of spray, [tide.
Watchers for some struck vessel in the boiling

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Daughter and darling of remotest eld—
Time's childhood and Time's age thou hast beheld;
His arm is feeble, and his eye is dim:
He tells old tales again—
He wearies of long pain:—
Thou art as at the first: thou journeyedst not with him.

ALFORD.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE year is born to-day—methinks it hath
A chilly time of it; for down the sky
The flaky frost-cloud stretches, and the Sun
Lifted his large light from the Eastern plains,
With gloomy mist-enfolded countenance,
And garments rolled in blood. Under the haze
Along the face of the waters, gather fast
Sharp spikes of the fresh ice—as if the year
That died last night had dropt down suddenly
In his full strength of genial government,
Prisoning the sharp breath of the Northern winds;
Who now burst forth and revel unrestrained
Over the new king's months of infancy.

The bells rung merrily when the old year died;
He past away in music; his death-sleep
Closed on him like the slumber of a child
When a sweet hymn in a sweet voice above him
Takes up into its sound his gentle being.

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And we will raise to him two monuments;
One where he died, and one where he lies buried;
One in the pealing of those midnight bells,
Their swell and fall, and varied interchange,
The tones that come again upon the spirit
In years far off, mid unshaped accidents;—
And one in the deep quiet of the soul,
The mingled memories of a thousand moods
Of joy and sorrow;—and his epitaph
Shall be upon him—"Here lie the remains
Of one, who was less valued while he lived,
Than thought on when he died."

ALFORD.

TO THE SONS OF BURNS,

AFTER VISITING THE TOMB OF THEIR FATHER.

Mid crowded obelisks and urns
I sought the untimely grave of Burns;
Sons of the bard, my heart still mourns
With sorrow true;
And more would grieve, but that it turns
Trembling to you!

Through twilight shades of good and ill
Ye now are panting up life's hill;
And more than common strength and skill
Must ye display,
If ye would give the better will
Its lawful sway.

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Hath nature strung your nerves to bear
Intemp'rance with less harm, beware!
But if the poet's wit ye share,
Like him can speed
The social hour—for tenfold care
There will be need.

Even honest men delight will take
To spare your failings for his sake,
Will flatter you;—and fool and rake
Your steps pursue,
And of your father's name will make
A snare for you.

Far from their noisy haunts retire,
And add your voices to the choir
That sanctify the cottage fire
With service meet;
There seek the glories of your sire,—
His spirit greet.

Or where, mid "lonely heights and hows,"
He paid to nature tuneful vows;
Or wiped his honourable brows
Bedew'd with toil,
While reapers strove, or busy ploughs
Upturn'd the soil:

His judgment with benignant ray
Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way;
But ne'er to a seductive lay
Let faith be given;
Nor deem that "light which leads astray
Is light from Heaven."

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Let no mean hope your souls enslave;
Be independent, generous, brave;
Your father such example gave,
And such revere;
But be admonish'd by his grave,
And think and fear!

WORDSWORTH.

VOICE OF THE WIND.

CONSTANCY

On all things works for good; the barren breeds,
The fluent stops, the fugitive is fixed
By constancy. I told you, did I not,
The story of the wind, how he himself,
The desultory wind, was wrought upon?
The wind, when first he rose and went abroad
Through the waste region, felt himself at fault,
Wanting a voice; and suddenly to earth
Descended with a wafture and a swoop,
Where, wandering volatile from kind to kind,
He wooed the several trees to give him one.
First, he besought the ash; the voice she lent
Fitfully, with a free and lashing change,
Flung here and there its sad uncertainties:
The aspen next; a flutter'd frivolous twitter
Was her sole tribute: from the willow came,
So long as dainty summer dressed her out,
A whispering sweetness; but her winter note
Was hissing, dry, and reedy: lastly, the pine

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Did he solicit, and from her he drew
A voice so constant, soft, and lowly deep,
That there he rested, welcoming in her
A mild memorial of the ocean-cave
Where he was born.

H. TAYLOR.



THE POOR BLIND MAN OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

THERE is a poor blind man, who, every day,
In frost or snow, in sunshine or in rain,
Duly as tolls the bell to the high fane,
Explores with faltering footsteps his dark way,
To kneel before his Maker, and to hear
The chanted service pealing full and clear.
Ask why, alone, in the same spot he kneels
Through the long year? Oh, the wide world is cold
As dark to him: here he no longer feels
His sad bereavement—faith and hope uphold
His heart; he feels not he is poor and blind,
Amid th' unpitying tumult of mankind:
His soul is in the choir above the skies,
And songs far off of angel companies.
Oh happy, if the rich, the vain, the proud,
The pageant actors of the motley crowd,—
Since life is "a poor play'r," our days a span,
Would learn one lesson from this poor blind man.

BOWLES.

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YOUTH repairs
His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil
Incurring short fatigue; and though our years,
As life declines, speed rapidly away,
And not a year but pilfers as he goes
Some youthful grace that age would gladly keep,
A tooth or auburn lock, and by degrees
Their length and colour from the locks they spare,
The elastic spring of an unwearied foot
That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the fence,
That play of lungs inhaling and again
Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes
Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me;
Mine have not pilfer'd yet; nor yet impair'd
My relish of fair prospect; scenes that sooth'd
Or charm'd me young, no longer young I find
Still soothing, and of power to charm me still.
And witness, dear companion of my walks,
Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
Fast lock'd in mine, with pleasure such as love,
Confirm'd by long experience of thy worth
And well-tried virtues, could alone inspire,
Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.
Thou know'st my praise of nature most sincere,
And that my raptures are not conjured up
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all.
How oft upon yon eminence our pace

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Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew;
While admiration, feeding at the eye
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene!
Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd
The distant plough slow-moving, and beside
His labouring team that swerved not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminish'd to a boy!
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in his bank,
Stand, never overlook'd, our favourite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond and overthwart the stream,
That as with molten glass inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds,
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedgerow beauties numberless, square tower,
Tall spire from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear;
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote.
Scenes must be beautiful which, daily view'd,
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years:
Praise justly due to those which I describe.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood

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Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind;
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast flutt'ring all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night: nor these alone whose notes
Nice-finger'd art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me:
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there please highly for their sake.

COWPER.

PEACE.

I HAVE found peace in the bright earth,
And in the sunny sky;

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By the low voice of summer seas,
And where streams murmur by.

I find it in the quiet tone
Of voices that I love;
By the flickering of a twilight fire,
And in a leafless grove:

I find it in the silent flow
Of solitary thought,
In calm half-meditated dreams,
And reasonings self-taught.

But seldom have I found such peace
As in the soul's deep joy,
Of passing onward free from harm
Through every day's employ.

If gems we seek, we only tire,
And lift our hopes too high:
The constant flowers that line our way
Alone can satisfy.

ALFORD.

CHILDREN'S GLEE.

It was a gladsome sight to see
The Indian children, with what glee
They breathed their native air of liberty.
Food, to the weary man with toil forespent,
Not more refreshment brings,
Than did the forest breeze upon its wings

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To these true younglings of the wilderness :
A happy sight, a sight of heart's content !
For blithe were they
As swallows, wheeling in the summer sky
At close of day ;
As insects, when on high
Their mazy dance they thread,
In myriads overhead,
Where sunbeams through the thinner foliage gleam,
Or spin in rapid circles as they play,
Where winds are still,
Upon the surface of the unrippled stream :
Yea, gamesome in their innocence were they
As lambs in fragrant pasture, at their will
The udder when to press,
They run for hunger less
Than joy, and very love, and wantonness.

SOUTHEY.

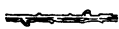
NATIONAL STRENGTH.

What is it makes a nation truly great ?
Her sons ; her sons alone ; not theirs, but they !
Glory and gold are vile as wind and clay,
Unless the hands that grasp them consecrate.
And what is that in man, by which a state
Is clad in splendour like the noontide day ?
Virtue : Dominion ebbs, and Arts betray ;
Virtue alone abides. But what is that

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Which Virtue's self doth rest on; that which yields her
Light for her feet, and daily heavenly bread;
Which from demoniac pride and madness shields her,
And storms that most assail the loftiest head?
The Christian's humble faith—that faith which cheers
The orphan's quivering heart, and stays the widow's tears.

AUBREY DE VERE.



THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away—a sordid boon!
The sea, that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds, that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan, suckled in a creed out-worn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn—
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

WORDSWORTH.

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WRITTEN AT SUNRISE ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

EARTH has not any thing to shew more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Ah me, the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WORDSWORTH.



WORK WITHOUT HOPE.

The Poet in Despondency.

ALL Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
And Winter slumbering in the open air
Wears on his face a dream of spring!
And I the while the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

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Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.
Bloom, O ye amaranths, bloom for whom ye may,
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away!
With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll:
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?
Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And Hope without an object cannot live.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

MUSIC.

LORENZO.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlay'd with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.
Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn,
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

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JESSICA.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

LORENZO.

The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the high condition of their blood ;
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music : therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But Music for the time doth change his nature :
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus ;
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

SHAKSPERE.

TIME.

" Why sitt'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged carle, so stern and grey ?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it pass'd away ?"

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" Know'st thou not me?" the deep voice cried,
" So long enjoy'd, so oft misused;
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desir'd, neglected, and accused?

Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away;
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

Redeem mine hours;—the space is brief,
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief
When time and thou shall part for ever!"

SCOTT.

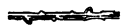
TO A LILY FLOWERING BY MOONLIGHT.

Oh, why, thou lily pale,
Lov'st thou to blossom in the wan moonlight,
And shed thy rich perfume upon the night?
When all thy sisterhood,
In silken cowl and hood,
Screen their soft faces from the sickly gale,
Fair-hornèd Cynthia wooes thy modest flower,
And with her beaming lips
Thy kisses cold she sips,
For thou art aye her only paramour;
What time she nightly quits her starry bower,
Trick'd in celestial light,
And silver crescent bright.

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Oh, ask thy vestal queen,
If she will thee advise,
Where in the blessed skies
That maiden may be seen, [day,
Who hung, like thee, her pale head through the
Love-sick and pining for the evening ray;
And lived a maiden chaste amid the folly
Of this bad world, and died of melancholy?
Oh, tell me where she dwells!
So on thy mournful bells
Shall Dian nightly fling
Her tender sighs to give thee fresh perfume,
Her pale night-lustre to enhance thy bloom,
And find thee tears to feed thy sorrowing.

ROSCOE.



GOOD MORROW.

You that have spent the silent night
In sleep and quiet rest,
And joy to see the cheerful light
That riseth in the east;
Now clear your voice, now cheer your heart,
Come help me now to sing;
Each willing wight come bear a part
To praise the heav'nly King.

And you whom care in prison keeps,
Or sickness doth suppress,
Or secret sorrow breaks your sleeps,
Or dolours do distress;

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Yet bear a part in dolefulwise,
Yea, think it good accord,
And acceptable sacrifice,
Each sprite to praise the Lord.

The dreadful night with darksomeness
Had overspread our light,
And sluggish sleep with drowsiness
Had overprest our might:
A glass wherein you may behold
Each storm that stops our breath;
Our bed the grave, our clothes like mould,
And sleep like dreadful death.

Yet as this dreadful night did last
But for a little space,
And heavenly day, now night is past,
Doth shew his pleasant face;
So must we hope to see God's face
At least in heaven on high,
When we have chang'd this mortal place
For immortality.

And of such haps and heav'nly joys
As then we hope to hold,
All earthly sight and worldly toys
Are tokens to behold.
The day is like the day of doom,
The sun the Son of man,
The skies the heaven, the earth the tomb
Wherein we rest till then.

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The rainbow bending in the sky,
Bedeck'd with sundry hues,
Is like the seat of God on high,
And seems to tell these news:
That as thereby He promisèd
To drown the world no more,
So by the blood which Christ hath shed
He will our health restore.

The misty clouds that fall sometime,
And overcast the skies,
Are like to troubles of our time
Which do but dim our eyes:
But as such dews are dried up quite
When Phœbus shews his face,
So are such fancies put to flight
When God doth guide by grace.

The little birds which sing so sweet
Are like the angels' voice,
Which render God His praises meet,
And teach us to rejoice:
And as they more esteem that mirth
Than dread the night's annoy,
So must we deem our days on earth
But hell to heavenly joy.

Unto which joys for to attain
God grant us all His grace,
And send us, after worldly pain,
In heaven to have a place;

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Where we may still enjoy that light
Which never shall decay:
Lord, for Thy mercy, lend us might
To see that joyful day.

GASCOIGNE.

PLEA OF THE MIDSUMMER FAIRIES.

We are kindly things,
And like her offspring nestle with the dove,—
Witness these hearts embroidered on our wings
To shew our constant patronage of love:
We sit at even in sweet bow'rs above
Lovers, and shake rich odours on the air
To mingle with their sighs, and still remove
The startling owl, and bid the bat forbear
Their privacy, and haunt some other where.

And we are near the mother when she sits
Beside her infant in its wicker bed;
And we are in the fairy scene that flits
Across its tender brain; sweet dreams we shed,
And whilst the tender little soul is fled
Away, to sport with our young elves, the while
We touch the dimpled cheek with roses red,
And tickle the soft lips until they smile,
So that their careful parents they beguile.

T. HOOD.

Digitized by Google

Sacred.



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SACRED.

MORNING HYMN.



WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time misspent redeem;
Each precious day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noontide clear,
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine,
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

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Wake, and lift thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

I wake, I wake!—ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform, like you, my Maker's will—
Oh, may I never more do ill!

Had I your wings, to heaven I'd fly;
But God shall that defect supply,
And my soul, wing'd with warm desire,
Shall all day long to heaven aspire.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

I would not wake, nor rise again,
Even heaven itself I would disdain,
Wert not Thou there to be enjoy'd,
And I in hymns to be employ'd.

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art;
Oh, never, then, from me depart;
For to my soul 'tis hell to be
But for one moment void of Thee.

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Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

KEN.

EVENING HYMN.

All praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thy own almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

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Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Dull sleep!—of sense me to deprive;
I am but half my time alive;
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are griev'd,
To lie so long of Thee bereav'd.

But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains;
And now and then let loose my heart,
Till it an hallelujah dart.

The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfetter'd are our minds:
Oh, may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see!

Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away:
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?

Oh, may my guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep;
His love angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

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May he celestial joy rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse;
Or in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

KEN.



MIDNIGHT HYMN.

My God, now I from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

Blest angels! while we silent lie,
You hallelujahs sing on high;
You joyful hymn the Ever-blest
Before the throne, and never rest.

I with your choir celestial join,
In offering up a hymn divine:
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.

My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in Thy arms I will intrust:
Oh, make me Thy peculiar care,
Some mansion for my soul prepare.

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Give me a place at Thy saints' feet,
Or some fall'n angel's vacant seat:
I'll strive to sing as loud as they
Who sit above in brighter day.

Oh, may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand;
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

All praise to Thee, in light array'd,
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made;
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

The sun, in its meridian height,
Is very darkness in Thy sight:
My soul, oh, lighten and inflame
With thought and love of Thy great name!

Blest Jesu! Thou, on heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent;
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.

My soul! how canst thou weary grow
Of antedating bliss below,
In sacred hymns and heavenly love,
Which will eternal be above?

Shine on me, Lord; new life impart;
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart:
One ray of Thy all-quick'ning light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night!

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Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine own sacrifice;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

KEN.

CHRISTMAS MORNING,

The Advent of Christ our Lord.

He might have come in regal pomp,
With pealing of archangel's trump,—
And angel-blast as loud and dread
As that which shall awake the dead:
His lightning might have scar'd the night,
Streaming insufferable light;
His thunder deep'ning peal on peal,
Have made earth to her centre reel,
Deep voices, such as shook with fear,
At Sinai's base, the favour'd seer;
The wing of whirlwind might have borne Him;
The trampling earthquake gone before Him:—
He might have come,—that Holy One,
With millions round His awful throne,
Countless as are the sands that lie
On burning plains of Araby;

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And arm'd for vengeance,—who might stand
Before each conquering red right hand?

He came not thus; no earthquake shock
Shivered the everlasting rock;
No trumpet blast, nor thunder peal,
Made earth through all her regions reel;
And but for the mysterious voicing
Of that unearthly quire rejoicing;
And but for that strange herald-gem,
The star which burn'd o'er Bethlehem,
The shepherds, on His natal morn,
Had known not that their God was born.
There were no terrors, for the song
Of peace rose from the seraph throng;
On wings of love He came, to save,
To pluck pale terror from the grave;
And on the bloodstain'd Calvary
He won for man the victory.

H. CARRINGTON.

SUNDAY.

O DAY most calm, most bright,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and bay;
The week were dark but for thy light:
Thy torch doth shew the way.

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The other days and thou
Make up one man, whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow;
The working days are the back part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake which, at His passion,
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for paradise.

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Thou art a day of mirth;
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth;
Oh, let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

HERBERT.

ANGELS.

And is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts: but, oh, the exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves His creatures so,
And all His works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
To serve the wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
Oh, why should heavenly God to men have such regard!

SPENSER.

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THE LARK AND THE DOVE.

They that are merry, let them sing,
And let the sad hearts pray:
Let those still ply their cheerful wing,
And these their sober lay.

So mounts the early warbling lark
Still upward to the skies;
So sits the turtle in the dark,
Amidst her plaintive cries.

And yet the lark, and yet the dove,
Both sing, though different parts;
And so should we, howe'er we move,
With light or heavy hearts.

Or rather, we should each essay,
And our cross notes unite;
Both grief and joy should sing and pray,
Since both such hopes invite,—

Hopes that all present sorrow heal,
All present joy transcend;
Hopes to possess, and taste, and feel
Delights that never end.

HICKES.

PART OF PSALM CXXXVII.

By the proud banks of great Euphrates' flood,
There we sate, and there we wept;

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Our harps, that now no music understood,
Nodding on the willows, slept;
While unhappy, captiv'd we,
Lovely Sion, thought on thee.

They, they that snatch'd us from our country's breast,
Would have a song carv'd to their ears,
In Hebrew numbers, then, (O cruel jest!)
When harps and hearts were drown'd in tears:
"Come," they cried, "come, sing and play
One of Sion's songs to-day!"

Sing!—Play!—to whom, ah! shall we sing and play,
If not, Jerusalem, to thee?
Ah, thee, Jerusalem! Ah, sooner may
This hand forget the mastery
Of music's dainty touch, than I
The music of thy memory.

CRASHAW.

PSALM CXLVIII.

Ye who dwell above the skies
Free from human miseries,
You whom highest heaven embowers,
Praise the Lord with all your powers.
Angels, your clear voices raise,
Him your heavenly armies praise;

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Sun, and moon with borrow'd light,
All you sparkling eyes of night,
Waters hanging in the air,
Heaven of heavens His praise declare.
His deserved praise record,
His who made you by His Word,
Made you evermore to last,
Set you bounds not to be past.
Let the earth His praise resound,
Monstrous whales and seas profound;
Vapours, lightnings, hail and snow,
Storms which when He bids them blow;
Flowery hills and mountains high;
Cedars, neighbours to the sky;
Trees that fruit in season yield;
All the cattle of the field,
Savage beasts, all creeping things,
All that cut the air with wings;
You who awful sceptres sway,
You inured to obey,
Princes, judges of the earth,
All of high and humble birth;
Youths and virgins flourishing
In the beauty of your spring,
You who bow with age's weight,
You who were but born of late;
Praise His Name with one consent.
Oh, how great! how excellent!
Than the earth profounder far,
Higher than the highest star,

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He will us to honour raise:
You, His saints, resound His praise;
You who are of Jacob's race,
And united to His grace.

SANDYS.

CATECHISM.

Oh, say not, dream not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain;
That the young mind at random floats,
And cannot reach the strain.

Dim or unheard the words may fall,
And yet the heaven-taught mind
May learn the sacred air, and all
The harmony unwind.

Was not our Lord a little child,
Taught by degrees to pray;
By father dear, and mother mild,
Instructed day by day?

And lov'd He not of heaven to talk,
With children in His sight;
To meet them in His daily walk,
And to His arms invite?

What though around His throne of fire
The everlasting chant
Be wafted from the seraph-choir
In glory jubilant!

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Yet stoops He, ever pleas'd to mark
Our rude essays of love,
Faint as the pipe of wak'ning lark,
Heard by some twilight grove.

Yet is He near us, to survey
These bright and order'd files,
Like spring-flow'rs in their best array,
All silence and all smiles.

Save that each little voice in turn
Some glorious truth proclaims,
What sages would have died to learn,
Now taught by cottage dames.

And if some tones be false or low,
What are all pray'rs beneath
But cries of babes, that cannot know
Half the deep thoughts they breathe?

In His own words we Christ adore;
But angels, as we speak,
Higher above our meaning soar
Than we o'er children weak.

And yet His words mean more than they,
And yet He owns their praise:
Why should we think He turns away
From infants' simple lays?

KEBLE.

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VENI CREATOR.

CREATOR. Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit ev'ry pious mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
Thrice-holy fount, thrice-holy fire,
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of His almighty hand,
Whose pow'r does heav'n and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st Thy gift with eloquence;

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thine hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;

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And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's Name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee!

DRYDEN.

FROM THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

MAN that is born of woman, short his time,
And full of woe! he springeth like a flower,
Or like the grass, that, green at morning prime,
Is cut and withereth ere the evening hour;
Never doth he continue in one stay,
But like a shadow doth he pass away.
Yet not for ever, O Lord God most high!
Saviour! yet not for ever shall we die!

SOUTHEY.

CONTEMPLATION OF DEPARTED SAINTS.

THEY are all gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here;

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SONNET.

RISE, said the Master; come unto the feast:—
She heard the call, and rose with willing feet;
But thinking it not otherwise than meet
For such a bidding to put on her best,
She is gone from us for a few short hours
Into her bridal-closet, there to wait
For the unfolding of the palace-gate,
That gives her entrance to the blissful bowers.
We have not seen her yet, though we have been
Full often to her chamber-door, and oft
Have listened underneath the postern green,
And laid fresh flowers, and whispered short and soft;
But she hath made no answer, and the day
From the clear west is fading fast away.

ALFORD.



LONDON:
PRINTED BY LEVEY, ROBSON, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

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Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams with which yon hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

Dear beauteous death, the jewel of the just,
Shining no where but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

H. VAUGHAN.

THE DEAD.

NAME them not dead—the faithful whom
Green earth closed lately o'er;
Nor search within the silent tomb
For those who "die no more."
The cold earth hides them from our love,
But not from His who pleads above.

They passed, as all must pass, the deep
Dread portals of the grave;
But not in dull decay they sleep
Whom Jesus died to save.

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To mortal eye their path is dim ;
But 'tis enough—they rest in Him.

We saw the momentary cloud,
The pale eclipse of mind,
From earthly sight that came to shroud
The deathless ray behind :
A moment more, the shade is gone,
The sun, the spirit, burneth on.

To die ! 'tis but to pass, all free,
From Death's dominion here,—
To burst the bonds of earth, and flee
From every mortal fear,—
To plunge within that gulf untried,
And stand beyond it glorified.

Thou weep'st—perchance they weep for thee,
If heavenly tear can flow,
To think of all the ills that be
In this sad world below.
Oh ! not for all its climes contain
Would they return to earth again.

Yet weep, for earth's a vale of care,
And they who mourn are blest,
If He who hears the mourner's prayer
Send comfort to the breast :
If hallowed hope break through the gloom,
Earth hath no teacher like the tomb.

IRISH PAPER.



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